

It's the Wrong, Wrong Way to Tickle Mary

Music by
Charley Brown

Lyrics by
J. Will Callahan
&
Billy Green



BUCK AND LOWNEY
PUBLISHERS OF MUSIC THAT SELLS

ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

"It's The Wrong, Wrong Way To Tickle Mary."

B $\flat$

Lyric by
J. WILL CALLAHAN.

Music by
CHARLIE BROWN.

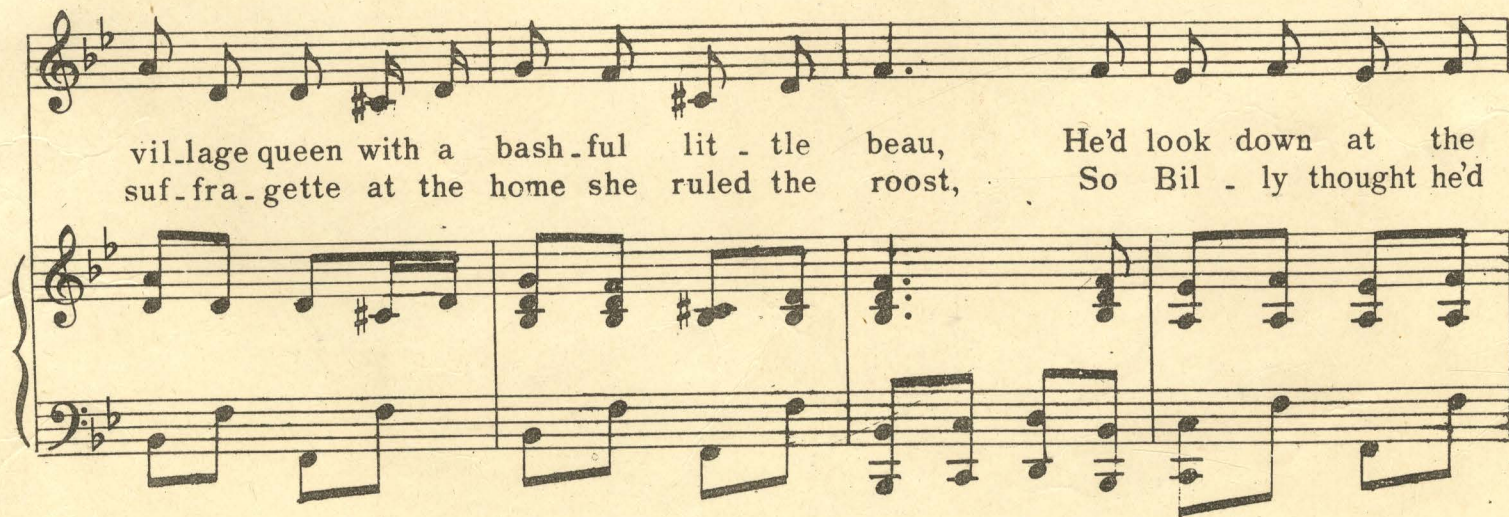
Marcia.



Vamp.



Ma - ry Green was a
Ma - ry's ma was a



vil - lage queen with a bash - ful lit - tle beau, He'd look down at the
suf - fra - gette at the home she ruled the roost, So Bil - ly thought he'd

car - pet and he'd an - swer "yes" and "no," He'd
see her to try and get a boost, But

nev - er try to squeeze her, he'd nev - er steal a kiss, So
ma - ma looked at Bil - ly, his heart went to his shoes, She

in dis - may she went one day, And told her dad - dy this; Next
shook her head and firm - ly said My boy you're due to lose, Bill

day the bash - ful lad got this ad - vice from Dad:-
asked the reas - on why then Ma made this re - ply:-

rall.

4 CHORUS.

Marcia.

It's the wrong, wrong way to tick - le Ma - - ry, It's the

wrong, wrong way to win her hand, _____ She is

like her moth - er, so con - tra - - ry, And she's

hard to un - der - stand; _____ When her

moth - er was a miss, - her old dad - dy told me this - Show your

col - ors in the good old fash - ioned way - It's the

wrong, wrong way to tick - le Ma - - ry. So get wise, boy, - to -

day. It's the day. day.

Last Time.

THE SONG OF MERIT

The GIRL of the LIMBERLOST

By Richard A. Whiting. Hans Von Holstein. Richard W. Pascoe.

That old saying about Music having charms is good; that is some kinds of music has; there is one song in particular that has more charms attached to it than any fifty songs that were ever sung. "The Girl of the Limberlost"—oh—that song—what sweetness—what rhythm—what funny little sensations this song causes to run up and down your back; it's not only the words—it's not only the music—it's the wonderful combination.

CHORUS.

When the green and gold are blending, In the sweet Oc - to - ber time, I'll be

It glides along like a fairy story and you just either have to hum it or whistle it because it is absolutely contagious. It has that wonderful sweetness that you only find in one song out of a million. People listening to "The Girl of the Limberlost" ask one another why all songs aren't like it, but there is that little different something in it that makes you lean back and positively inhale the sweet sonorous tones and when once sung, you applaud and applaud and insist on hearing it over and over.

com - ing back to claim you, For my own El - no - ra mine, Thro' the gloaming we'll be

"The Girl of the Limberlost" tells the story of a coy damsel of the North woods, who sat by a little stream thinking of her sweetheart and it makes you glad—sad—happy and hundreds of other little things that we haven't space to mention.

roaming, 'Till the woodland stream we've cross'd, Oh I'll bless the day that brings me back again, To

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This song is published in the city of St. Louis by Buck & Lowney, the same publishers that introduced "Laddie"—the True Blue Song, but "The Girl of the Limberlost" is a worthy successor to "Laddie" and—well, we can't say any more. Hear it yourself and you'll heartily agree with all we have said in this article. It is supreme. It's one great big—decisive HIT.

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